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By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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What has become of the old-fashioned South winds that used to visit Kansas frequently? Possibly, they think they're entitled to as much of a vacation as the sun enjoyed. They appear to be bent, however, on taking a longer one.

John D. Rockefeller's plan to have his Foundation devote \$100,000 of its immense funds to the relief of the unemployed in the Colorado mining regions, smacks a good deal of an instance of locking the stable door after the horse is gone.

What, also, has become of General Von Hindenberg's plan to march his German army into Warsaw? It looks as though it had been filed in the archives of the war along side of the Russian project to make merry in Berlin last Christmas.

Nor was it necessary for the local weather bureau to take the trouble to announce that March in these parts was one of the coldest and most cloudy on record. Most folk hereabouts are still equipped with their senses of sight and feeling in good working order.

Uncle Sam rises to remark that the obesity cures on the market, generally speaking, are "dangerous." But this probably won't prevent the foolish fat folk who want to be thinner from taking them, unless Uncle Sam and his several states take the bull by the horns and stop their sale.

France's charge that the Germans are mutilating prisoners of war so as to make them unfit for further military service by unnecessarily amputating their arms and legs should be taken with several large grains of salt. Everything may be far in war, but the Germans are not brutes.

This is also the stage of a local campaign when all sorts of stories and canards about the candidates are peddled around by the unthinking and the unscrupulous. Ridiculous and senseless stories of this character carry so many unmistakable earmarks of their falsity that they should be patent to the most casual observation and no attention should be paid them.

Philadelphians appear to be slipping from grace with a rapidity that is surprising. With Billy Sunday's exhortations still echoing through their highways and byways, so recent were their utterance, the Quakers, or many of them, are tangling and fox-trotting to music arranged from the tunes of some of the hymns that were most popular at the evangelist's meetings.

Why don't the peace protagonists smuggle a few elephants into the war zones in Europe and then set them on the rampage? An angry bull elephant, caught between the lines, put a sudden stop the other day to an engagement between German and English forces in West Africa. Both sides retired in rapid order before the enraged beast, which charged first in one direction and then in the other.

If an ordinance under consideration there become a local law, the people of Cleveland will probably exert themselves to prevent fires on their premises due to their own carelessness. The proposal is to make citizens pay for the cost of a fire-department run if the blaze is from a needless cause. Nor would it be a bad plan for other cities to consider like legislation. The great bulk of the fires that destroy so much property in this country every year could be prevented with the exercise of reasonable care.

MESSAGE FOR STAY-AT-HOMES.

One of the distinguished crusaders with the Flying Squadron, Dr. Geisel, paid forceful respects to the folk who are not sufficiently interested in the welfare of their community to go to the polls and vote whenever the opportunity is presented; and especially to those among them who would vote right if they took the trouble to vote at all. "The civic indolence of the upright," said Dr. Geisel, "is itself a capital crime of bribe-taking, for the man who would vote right if he voted at all simply sells his ballot for the price of a day's labor when he pleads

that he hasn't time to go to the polls." But in Topeka, even the excuse of having to work is not a valid one. The hours for voting are so arranged here, that every one can take time to cast his ballot without interfering in any way with his day's work.

EFFICIENCY.

In these days of reforming methods of the administration of state and city governments we hear a great deal about efficiency and economy. These principles and the results thereunder are based upon good business management. An administration which is not efficient is not economical; it is extravagant and wasteful. These statements ought to go without saying.

Now, in the administration of the affairs of the city of Topeka, a corporation employing many people and expending \$600,000 annually to produce results, we must place our five commissions in the hands of the best men that are available. Men who have held these offices and shown themselves efficient should be retained and encouraged. Experience and a demonstrated ability to act in the city's affairs should carry weight with all voters.

Mr. Blakely is a business man of recognized ability and a former councilman of established efficient service. Why not select him to help conduct our affairs and associate with him other efficient men rather than give the office of mayor to a man simply because he wants the office, or because he is a good writer or a genial fellow. The latter sort of a man can serve to better purpose in callings along the lines of his training and experience than in an executive position demanding experience and training to produce satisfactory results.

A good deal will depend upon the opportunities of the play, of course. But it is barely possible that on her next farewell world-tour, the billboard advertising will read: "Don't fail to see Sarah Bernhardt's wooden leg!"

REPUBLICAN PROSPECTS.

Former President Taft is exceedingly sanguine that the Republicans will win the presidential election in 1916. And there are about ten good and sufficient political reasons why they should for every one why they shouldn't. But Mr. Taft refuses to discuss the Republican presidential possibilities, which is only natural, as he is one of them. Stranger things in politics have happened in this country than that he should be the next president of the United States.

Evidently the people of Argentina have all kinds of money to toss to the birds. Caruso has signed a contract that will net him \$70,000 for 10 appearances in Buenos Aires, or \$7,000 a night and for not more than a couple of hours of warbling. This would seem to approximate the apex of easy money.

BRITAIN'S MOST DEADLY FOE.

Germany, Austria and Drink are named as the three foes which Great Britain is fighting by David Lloyd George, the chancellor of her exchequer. And he characterizes Drink as the most deadly in his plea for prohibition under the English flag at least while the war continues. How rather ironical it is, too, that semi-civilized Russia should have made prohibition in her territory a fact even long before the highly civilized Great Britain began to think or talk about it.

Some of the Nebraska legislators were of a mind to extend the women of the state something better than equal rights in at least one particular. A eugenics bill, which was finally killed in the Nebraska house, exempted the fair sex from its provisions.

PROSPERITY AND BUNCO MEN.

More evidence of Topeka's prosperity is to be found in the fact that the bunco manipulators find it an excellent town in which to work. This country never waste their energy in a place where the picking is poor. In one way, of course, it is not particularly complimentary to the credulity of Topekans that they have been tagged as "easy marks." But, on the other hand, the easiest mark is usually the individual who has a comfortable surplus on hand. And he can pay for his experiences without going bankrupt.

Let there be no crying over spilt milk in Topeka on Wednesday next. And this can be obviated if all the qualified voters, who are physically able, will take the trouble to go to the polls and discharge no more than their full duty by themselves and their community.

HOW WAS THE MONEY USED?

Speaker Stone's charge that the liquor men of Kansas City used a slush fund of \$6,500 to defeat in the senate his bill to make the railroads jointly responsible for violations of the prohibition law, constraining the point of delivery of liquor shipments as a point of sale, should not be permitted to find its way to wastepaper basket without anything being done about it. Surely it casts a grave reflection on the integrity of the upper branch of the Kansas legislature, or some of its members. How was this money used? Who were the beneficiaries, if any? These are questions that the people of Kansas would like to have answered, no doubt. The senators of Kansas, too, would also seem to be deeply concerned in the answers. If Mr. Stone has proof of his charges he should present it to the public. Or if they are based on the hearsay gossip that floats in such volume around legislative levels he should so label them. But whether or not Mr. Stone cares to say anything more definite on the subject, it would certainly appear to be somebody else's move.

CHILD LABOR CONFERENCE.

For the first time in the history of its organization, the national child labor committee will hold its annual conference this year in a city west of the Mississippi. The meeting will take place in San Francisco the last week in May in connection with the Panama-Pacific exposition, where the committee has an exhibit installed. This exhibit is said to be the most complete and striking exposition of child labor conditions ever shown. It is divided in two parts under the designations, "The High Cost of Child Labor," and "What Are We Going to Do About It?" And the national child labor committee is of the opinion since the child labor situation at present demands an answer to the question asked by the second part—"What Are We Going to Do About It?"—the conference in San Francisco will be devoted to the attempt to answer it by constructive suggestions along all the lines considered. And when these plans are developed all decent citizens, the country over, should give them their earnest support. Every child is entitled to approach maturity with a reasonably good education and a physique that will give it a fair chance in the battle of life. These the child cannot have if it is permitted to waste the energy of its tender years and to stunt its mental and physical growth under grinding toil.

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Journal Entries

Time is money in more ways than one. Much of it is wasted.

Silence may nod assent, but it more often conceals ignorance.

When most men and women consider themselves they think only of their virtues.

There was a time when nobody thought of robbing a poor man. But it was long, long ago.

The only redeeming feature of a long beard is that the man who has it doesn't need to bother with neckties.

Jayhawker Jots

Considerable gripe is again abusing the people, is the way the Waldo Advocate puts it.

"I'll tell you know in the morning," is a man's way, explains the Holton Signal, of saying "I'll say so," says the Formosa New Era, and in the absence of any other spring indications, we suggest you take a few morning cups. More evidence that there is nothing in the morning, says the Saline Valley, Rooks county, is in demand for the heavy work of "breaking" mules.

If it isn't one thing, it's another. The Antioch correspondent of the Irving Leader reports: The mud is drying up a good deal, but the mumps are still afloat thicker than before.

It may be true that there is nothing new under the sun, says Editor Meadows in his Gaylord Sentinel, but one of the barber shops in Downs has a sign that reads: "Balding Men, 'Baled Hay for Sale.' Evidently a new use for waste hair has been unearthed.

An excellent suggestion to farmers, from the Logan County News: A wind-break of trees around the house adds money value to every farm. Evergreens on the north and west, and shade trees elsewhere, make a house a natural setting, and your place will have a higher selling value.

Observations by the Oakley Graphic: All of us like a joke until it is our own. A broken heart can be mended but the crack will show. Nothing accumulates like dirt behind a small boy's ears. . . . Most men are reasonable about everything except the smartness of their babies. An optimist is one who believes that carrying a potato in the pocket will cure rheumatism. . . . A woman is willing to overlook a lot of bad faults in her husband if he will bring in the money.

Mrs. Stormy, one of the contributors to the columns of the Palco News, has a trouble in locating the "silver lining." The person must be hard to please who is not satisfied with the conditions this Spring, she writes. Many of the farmers are predicting a good corn crop this year as the sub-soil is so thoroughly soaked it will give the spring crop a good start.

Hurray for old Kansas. Just what you watch her get there with both feet.

One Rossville man refers to another citizen as a "pistol head," notes the Rossville Reporter, and it adds: We don't see the application unless he found the dang thing wasn't empty. For city folk to drive out in the country with cats, kittens, dogs and pups that they wish to get rid of and then turn them loose in the vicinity of an unsuspecting farm establishment is an odd trick, even if there is nothing to recommend it. But a gentleman who might be classified as retributive justice in this direction is reported by the Troy Chief, as follows: A lady driving a horse hitched to a buggy drove up town the other day and was observed to stop on a side street and untie a sack from which popped a couple of cats. The lady then drove off apparently well pleased.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

So many race horses can run just fast enough to lose money. A small boy's notion of victory is to "bloody" his opponent's nose. This has been a hard winter on dispositions and international law. The trouble with some Americans is that they want to reap before they sow. Sometimes a man sees so many horrible examples he decides to join 'em. Every man thinks his clothes are the most ill-fitting clothes in the town. You can sometimes take the credit which belongs to others, but it is hard to keep it.

The number of women who have died of broken hearts has been overestimated.

There are times, when the box is wet, that a safety match seems entirely too safe.

Perhaps the boss makes you take the dirty end of the stick because he happens to get stuck on a pretty girl.

In times of peace we prepare for war by teaching the young idea how to shoot.

You never can tell. A groundless rumor sometimes covers the most ground.

Many a man who prates of reform thinks he can right a wrong by writing a check.

Some fellows are so lazy they would be satisfied with any kind of a job they can't get.

Social custom demands that we send regrets, in spite of the fact that most people have enough of their own.

horses, bringing them down in heaps and frightening such as escaped. Times without number did the Russian drivers, sparing neither whip nor spur, drive the horses on at full gallop through the fire. The wagon passed through without exploding, and after the war the horses were put in the manner described and the driver promoted.—Tid Bits.

"Thereupon the driver jumped down and, cutting the traces of the other horses, drove the thing on at full gallop through the fire. The wagon passed through without exploding, and after the war the horses were put in the manner described and the driver promoted.—Tid Bits.

On the Spur of the Moment BY ROY K. MOUTON.

Spring Reading.

I am not reading much about the war. I really don't know what they're fighting for. I do not read a line of politics. The kind of stuff that is devoured by bickers. Bob Chambers' novels don't get me at all. I haven't seen an Oppenheim since fall. And when it comes to New York magazines, I'm off from them; but I am long on beans. And radishes, and turnips, for I read New catalogues that tell of garden seed.

Yes, But What Is It?

A Michigan man explains to electric light users what a kilowatt is and how to compute one: "First, multiply the current by the resistance of the electric light; divide this by the meter on the wall, and add whatever you can't multiply. The answer will come in dollars and cents. Just divide the answer by the number of kilowatts, and multiply again to find out what a kilowatt is. You know just how many kilowatts you have and, just what they cost you apiece, but you don't know what they are, what they look like, who made them, or what shape they are."

Heard in the Fifth Grade.

A semaphore is a young man who is in his second year in college.

A parallel is two lines that can never meet unless they are bent.

A number of charts printed in the very bright when she finished and there were two pink spots in her unwrinkled cheeks. With her snow white hair she was beautiful and her hair which might have added weight to her years, also lent a freshness and bloom of a youth which was not very far off.

But that is no reason why you should not wear pink now, dear Miss Walton," insisted Marion. "Do—please—listen."

Evening Chat BY RUTH CAMERON.

Labeling People.

Give a dog a bad name and hang him. Get a prejudice against a person and you'll find yourself eager to destroy his most inoffensive, may more even than his most objectionable.

When we once get the glass of our mental vision adjusted upon anyone at a wrong angle we see, not only the faults, but the virtues, and his every act is a distorted way.

I noted a particularly violent example of this tendency in myself the other day. I was looking at a picture given me by a very fine woman whom I have never been able to like. My aversion to her distressed me and yet I noticed that my subconscious mind if I banish it out of my conscious mind. She has never shown any unkindness to me and the only way I can account for my disapproval is that she has been over praised to me.

To return to the main road—the thought that I had been looking at a mistake and at once I found myself blaming its unoffending donor and thinking "that's just like her," though why, I don't know, for she never makes mistakes.

Wasn't that disagreeable of me? Indeed I should never dare confess it. I told you that this attitude of being ready to pick upon anyone for whom we have conceived a prejudice, was almost universal.

The very sweetest woman I know takes these unaccountable dislikes sometimes and lets them distort her vision.

She conceived one for a young person whom I have recently been able to help in a small way, and became quite indignant at me for putting myself out for her. Why should you fault her for her? she asked me. "What claim has she on you?" And yet the sweetest lady I know is always putting herself out for others, and would you fault her for it?

If I had refused to do this small favor if it had been asked of me by anyone else.

Let any person become associated in your mind with some particular fault, selfishness, vanity or what not, and you will find yourself accounting for all sorts of their actions, and theirs, acts which in another would arouse no criticism, by the dominant fault.

For instance, I know a woman who is a philosopher and a snob. The result of this opinion is that if she fails to see some acquaintance on the street, or if she sends a beautiful gift to some wealthy friend, we at once consider it a manifestation of her snobbishness, although the same act committed by another might go uncriticized.

To some extent this is inevitable. We have taught us to look for that motive and we see it everywhere, which is not just.

If you want to be just, beware of this habit. There is good and bad in all of us. No one is snobbish or selfish or cowardly or mean all the time.

You can't like a person against your will but you can bring yourself up short whenever you find yourself doing anyone a injustice.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Why speak of a deaf mute's hands? They speak for themselves. No fellow likes to get stuck, unless he happens to get stuck on a pretty girl.

The Evening Story

Amabel's Desire.

(By Bryant L. Rogers.)

"My greatest desire?" repeated Miss Amabel Walton. "Why, my dears, I am such a very contented old person that I'm afraid all of my wishes have been gratified."

"Old?" scoffed Stella Mayse. "As if you could ever grow old!"

"It is because you look so contented," Miss Walton said. "I have never wondered if you really suffered from an ungratified desire." Marion Reeves smiled at her instructress with lustreous gray-green eyes.

Miss Walton looked dreamily at the gray old college buildings wearing their ivy green mantles with dignified submission to the passing years, and a tender smile touched her soft lips.

"There is one unfulfilled wish that haunts my hours," she admitted at last.

"Do you mind telling us about it?" asked Marion.

"It is such a simple wish that you will wonder why I have not gratified it—I am dying to wear pink—a soft, rosy pink gown—there, am I not perfectly 'ideal'?"

The little teacher of music at Fenton college looked appealingly at the sympathetic girlish faces of her favorite pupils.

"Why don't you wear it, then?" marvelled Stella.

Miss Walton touched her beautiful snowy hair. "Because it would be so much against my age. But how I longed to wear it when I was a child! I lived with a maiden aunt who was severely plain in her tastes. I wore a brown dress, a gray or brown or blue—but pink was looked upon as a frivolous color and so it was banned from my wardrobe."

"Aunt Matilda had a maid who once told me that pink was most unbecoming to me—it made me look yellow; so I cast aside her pink sunbonnet and I did not wear it to the meadow, and with it I threw away my last hope of wearing the beautiful color of hope and youth. As the years passed and I became self-supporting and could choose colors, I never bought a pink frock, though I longed to—I believed it to be unbecoming; and I never gave zone by zone, I wore black and white and blue and brown and lavender, but never a bit of pink—and there is my ungratified wish!"

"Miss Walton's soft brown eyes were very bright when she finished and there were two pink spots in her unwrinkled cheeks. With her snow white hair she was beautiful and her hair which might have added weight to her years, also lent a freshness and bloom of a youth which was not very far off."

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"My dears—I am 48!" protested Amabel tragically.

"A woman is as young as she looks," said Stella.

"And you look very, very young indeed. Won't you wear a pink frock to the October reception?"

"Miss Walton hesitated. "I must have a new frock," she admitted.

"Let us go to town with you and select it," urged the girls, and at last Amabel regarded her reflection in the mirror with mingled distrust and delight.

"Could that charming being daintily gowned in rose pink crepe de chine be Miss Amabel Walton, instructor in music at Fenton college?" she asked herself. Black charmes—soft white frocks—once a dainty violet crepe—in all these gowns she had looked charming by contrast.

In this delicate pink creation she looked a slender girlish figure—like one of those Dresden china bits on her mantlepiece.

The door burst open and Stella and Marion stood there in their simple white frocks.

"Oh, Miss Walton!" they gasped in delight and were very silent.

"Do I look very—foolish?" she asked at last.

"You look heavenly!" cried Stella enthusiastically, while Marion bent and kissed her soft cheek.

There was a murmur of surprise in the room when Amabel entered with Stella and Marion.

There was such a transformation from the plainly gowned little music teacher that Mrs. Drouet, the French teacher, elevated her sandy eyebrows and whispered ironically to Professor Hanford.

Professor Hanford frowned and his eyes followed Amabel's pink clad form with such a mixture of admiration and wistfulness in their depths that made-moelle turned quite yellow with surprise.

"Dear me," whispered the fresh-faced mademoiselle's elbow, "doesn't mademoiselle look a fright?"

"Quite like an egg salad with plenty of mayonnaise," returned her companion in the same giggling whisper.

Mademoiselle swept away and Professor Hanford, glad of his release, wandered aimlessly around until he drove up town the other day and was observed to stop on a side street and untie a sack from which popped a couple of cats. The lady then drove off apparently well pleased.

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the happy man, as he relinquished Amabel's trembling little hand. "You shall be the first to hear the good news of our engagement—and I would have found courage to ask her if it had not been for the pretty rose-colored frock."

"Blessed be pink!" laughed Marion, and as she went away with her arm around Amabel Walton she smiled over her shoulder at the man.

"I am going to sing 'Roses, Roses Everywhere,' and I am going to sing it for just you two!" (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Kansas Comment

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, was engineer in an electric light plant in Detroit. Charles Murphy, the baseball millionaire, was a reporter on the Cincinnati Enquirer. Thomas H. Ince, the motion picture magnate, was a comic-opera comedian, glad to get \$50 a week. Charles Weeghman, owner of the Chicago Federal baseball team and a string of restaurants, was a waiter in a quick-lunch room. And so it goes. The list could be strung out to a column's length. Therefore, when you hear a boy or a young man complain that he has no chance to make his mark in the world, take him by the arm and tell him a few things. There never was a time in the world's history when there were more opportunities for a young man to push to the front.

There never was a time when a little intelligence and determination would provide a man with a competence in a few years. This is particularly true of the farming business—for farming is a business. The young man of today who will take hold of a farm with the idea of making it the best farm in the county and who will work intelligently for ten years, with that idea alone before him, will